The Times-Dispatch

DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.

Business Office .....916 E. Main Street.
Washington Bureau..362-7 Munsey Building.
Manchester Bureau.....1102 Hull Street.
Petersburg Bureau.....40 N. Sycamore St.
Lynchburg Bureau .....215 Eighth St.

BY MAIL. POSTAGE PAID.	One Year.	Six Mos.	Three Mos.	One Mo.
Daily with Sunday	$6.00	$3.00	$1.50	.55
Daily without Sunday	4.00	2.00	1.00	.35
Sunday edition only	2.00	1.00	.50	.25
Weekly (Wednesday)	1.00	.50	.25	...

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs), Manchester, and Petersburg—

	One Week.	One Year.
Daily with Sunday	14 cents	$6.50
Daily without Sunday	10 cents	4.50
Sunday only	5 cents	2.50

(Yearly subscriptions payable in advance.)

Entered, January 27, 1903, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter, under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

HOW TO CALL TIMES-DISPATCH.

Persons wishing to communicate with The Times-Dispatch by telephone will ask central for "4041," and on being answered from the office switchboard, will indicate the department or person with whom they wish to speak.

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MONDAY, MAY 13, 1907.

We suffer much from the faults of others, but we lose more by our ignorance.—Ruskin.

Dames and Daughters.

A correspondent wishes to know the distinction between the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Colonial Dames. In one sense there is no difference. They are all very charming, patriotic women. But these distinctions are made by the organizations themselves:

Under the constitution of the National Society of Colonial Dames it is prescribed that the members shall be women "who are descended in their own right from some ancestor of worthy life who came to reside in an American colony prior to 1750, which ancestor, or some one of his descendants being a lineal ascendant of the applicant, shall have rendered efficient service to his country during the Colonial period, either in the founding of a commonwealth or of an institution which has survived and developed into importance, or who shall have held an important position in the Colonial government, and who, by distinguished services, shall have contributed to the founding of this great and powerful nation."

Any woman is eligible for membership in the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution who is eighteen years of age, and who is descended from an ancestor who, "with unfailing loyalty, rendered material aid to the cause of independence as a recognized patriot, as soldier or sailor, or as civil officer in one of the several Colonies or States, or United Colonies or States," provided the applicant shall be acceptable to the society.

There is still another society known as Daughters of the Revolution. Eligibility to membership in this society is restricted to "women who are lineal descendants of an ancestor who was a military or naval or marine officer, soldier, sailor, or marine in actual service under the authority of any of the thirteen Colonies or States, or of the Continental Congress, and remained always loyal to such authority; or descendants of one who signed the Declaration of Independence, or of one who, as a member of the Continental Congress, or of the Congress of any of the Colonies or States, or as an officer appointed by or under the authority of any such representative bodies, actually assisted in the establishment of American independence by service rendered during the War of the Revolution, becoming thereby liable to conviction of treason against the government of Great Britain, but remaining always loyal to the authority of the Colonies or States."

These statements, however, are subject to any correction which Dames or Daughters may be pleased to make. They are written by a trembling Man.

Authors and Their Readers.

A writer in The Nineteenth Century and After, Mr. J. A. Spender, complains that the great mass of the reading public is getting little or no mental and moral uplift from contemporary authors. No one, he thinks, is engaged in interpreting the present, through books, for the instruction and guidance of the average man. Most of our writers are incapable of instructing and guiding anybody. Their best is to be entertaining, to be liked: they do that well enough and they have their reward. The other and smaller class, those of better gifts who really have something to say, do their work in a way which makes it impossible that it should carry any general appeal. They "pride themselves on appealing to a few refined persons and deliberately choose what is remote and complicated." They do not reach the public at all. The public, in short, gets little substantial sustenance from one set of writers, because they have little to give, and none from the other, because they do not choose to deliver it.

That is Mr. Spender's view, and there is much truth in it. It is unfortunate that those of our writers who are the most read are precisely those who have the least to say. The age, of course, is not prolific in great masters of literature, but surely there are a few who are worth a hearing. Is it impossible that they should attain to the larger audience now monopolized by the manufacturers of best sellers? Are greatness and popularity absolutely irreconcilable?

It is a prime duty with every man who has an idea to spread to make his field as large as he can. Teaching is not a work to be done in a corner. When a clergyman resigns a charge where he is accomplishing results to assume a larger one, he does it on the ground that his opportunities for good will be by so much increased.

The argument is generally accepted as sound. Clergymen are not the only preachers. The novelist may be one; so may the essayist and the editor; the poet must be one or he is no poet. And the reasoning that applies to the clerical preacher applies to all other preachers, too. If they are good preachers, it is their business to see that they draw round them as many listeners as possible. Not to do so is to have been half a failure. Browning's obscurity is his great shortcoming not so much because it makes him "hard to read" to those who will read him anyway, but because it keeps so many people from ever reading him at all. So with the artificial and clumsy terminology in which Carlyle saw fit to wrap up the fine sense of "Sartor Resartus." Truth is great enough to be simple; and whatever is worth saying at all deserves to be said in such a way that everybody can understand it.

It is no disgrace to be popular. It is no sign of inferiority to write so that plain, everyday people will know what you are driving at. To be the master of all knowledge, but to expound it so that only half a dozen elect persons in a generation can share it with you, is to have had a fine mission and deliberately turned away from it.

A Monument to Nye.

Twelve or fifteen years ago Bill Nye was regarded as one of the greatest humorists of the day. He was distinctively a Southern product, although there was a Western flavor in much of his work. He did not contribute to literature, and while many of his best efforts and writings have been preserved, the volume somehow is unattractive to this generation, which is lavish in its praise of the yellow, or "funny," page. Nye died a poor man. His widow still resides near Asheville, and at last accounts was preparing to open a boarding-house. Her husband is almost forgotten, except by the craft, and now comes a report that at the meeting of the Association of American Press Humorists, in Los Angeles, a movement will be started to provide funds for the erection of a monument to his memory. It was not until late in life that Nye began to write copyrighted articles. He received royalties instead of space rates, but his income was limited, and he was not paid in accordance with the value placed upon his stories in that day. In one of his best stories he described his new farm and his field of rye, out of which he said he expected to harvest at least a pint. His sarcasm, too, was biting, and on one occasion he remarked that he could stand on a high mountain near Asheville and look toward the ocean with such powerful eyes that he could see objects as small as Tillman.

The brightest of Bill Nye's sayings, however, was that classic music was better than it sounded. It combines wit and wisdom with the skill of genius.

Two years ago, when the Virginia and North Carolina Press Associations met at Asheville, a clever woman, who was an admirer of Nye, asked for a contribution from each association to mark the humorist's grave with a granite shaft. The money was cheerfully contributed, and other press associations also contributed to the fund. We have never heard, however, whether or not enough money was raised for the purpose.

The Boulevard.

A correspondent sends the following communication, which is worthy of special prominence:

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Permit me to call your attention to the condition of the driveway leading to the New Reservoir Park. From Grove Road down to Beverly street there is almost one continual mud puddle.

It seems that some one ought to be responsible for not giving this, the only decent driveway around Richmond, some attention. With the many handsome carriages and the rapidly-increasing number of automobiles in use for pleasure riding, Richmond should have a road in the neighborhood of Reservoir Park like a billiard-table.

Can't you wake up the Street Committee or engineer's department on this point? With the many visitors coming to our city this year, the present condition of the roads in and around the city will certainly reflect on some one. L. B. H.

Grove Road is now being improved, and we hope the work will be extended to the Boulevard. This driveway is ideal, barring the track. It is perfectly level and straightaway, shaded by beautiful trees. It ought to be kept in prime condition, and it ought to be sprinkled every afternoon in dry weather during the driving season. The cost would be trifling, and it would add a hundredfold to the comfort of those who drive or walk along that great thoroughfare.

While on this subject, there is another matter to which we would direct the attention of the authorities. At the approach to the drive around the lake, there stands a shanty in the last stages of dilapidation. It is a public eyesore and a disgrace to the general surroundings. We do not wish to run anybody out of a home, be it ever so humble, but that disgusting shack is simply intolerable, and ought to be removed.

Negro Slave-Owners.

Reference by some of our contemporaries to the fact that free negroes in the South owned negro slaves before and during the War between the States reminds us that a negro in this State, who is now at the head of a negro institution, was the owner of his own father, whom he purchased from a white man.

The subject recalls another interesting incident.

Soon after the war a New England Senator visited some of the Southern States to look the situation over, and while in South Carolina was the guest of a well-to-do negro. In the course of conversation the New Englander remarked: "What a glorious thing that the members of your race have all received their freedom."

"Glorious nothing!" replied the negro. "My negroes were my property and the Yankees took them from me without paying me a cent."

Tradition says that at this point the New England Senator dropped the subject.

Let the law of homicide remain as it is, but let the punishment for dishonoring an innocent woman be increased so as to make it adequate to the offense. The Richmond Times-Dispatch, in a recent editorial, takes this view, and, we think, properly. Let the law provide no excuse for its own violation, and then let all of its provisions be insisted on.—Winchester Star.

This is from the pen of Hon. Richard E. Byrd, who will probably be the next Speaker of the House of Delegates. We are gratified to know that he concurs in the view of The Times-Dispatch that the way to repeal the unwritten law is to make the written law effective. We hope that all members of the next Legislature will turn their attention in that direction.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch says the idea of having Mr. Bryan nominate Mr. Roosevelt was originated by the Charlottesville Progress. Why will The Times-Dispatch insist upon digging up such old stories about its neighbors and friends?—Washington Herald.

Does the Herald mean to say that the Progress is un-proud of its nomination?

Says the ever cheery Baltimore American: "We first rear the palace in the soul before it shines in marble splendor." Yes, indeed. Very few palaces shine in marble splendor before they are reared.

George Gould explains that the railroads' losses through reduced fares will be borne by the dear people, as solemnly as though he were propounding a bit of novel information.

According to published statements, John W. Gates has only $10,000,000 left. Sooner or later, a betting man is sure to learn something of the grinding pinch of poverty.

Bearing in mind the comfort and pleasure of Miss Mabelle Gilman, we wish the United States Steel Corporation a very prosperous year.

That modest look on the face of Senator Beveridge dates from the day when he heard some one ask: "Who is the greatest American?"

Senator Depew asserts that the Republican party always tells the truth. There are a few quips left in the old chap, after all.

"Where are your poets?" demands Ambassador Bryce. Well, most of them, Ambassador, are hiding from the bill collector.

If Addicks really wants a municipal job in Wilmington, why doesn't he get himself appointed inspector of gas meters?

"We are all going in the same direction," says Mr. Bryan. Which may account for some of the rear-end collisions.

Out in Idaho the losing side will have to console itself with the old maxim, "Boise will be Boise."

Even in San Francisco, doubtless, General Kuroki would be permitted to attend a correspondence school.

Taft and Hughes for 1908 make a combination that could not appeal strongly to Mr. Fairbanks.

The Chinese make a perfume which sells for $8 a drop. And probably they short measure at that.

There was a good deal that Chancellor Day might have learned from the late Silent Smith.

A milk toast to the young heir!

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

Norway has five leper hospitals with about 600 patients.

British mills turn out daily more than 10,000 miles of cotton cloth.

An Italian, G. B. Bladego, has written a book of over 1,200 pages on the Alpine tunnels.

There are two former newsboys in the United States Senate—Smith of Michigan, and Curtis, of Kansas.

In Turkey the tombstones of the faithful, where the departed is a man of eminence, are capped with the fez carved in marble.

Dr. Paul Poirier, professor of anatomy at the University of Paris, has just died almost on the day which he foretold after diagnosing his own disease of the liver.

There is now at Sandy Hook proving grounds the biggest cannon ever turned out. It is twenty yards long and weighs thirteen tons. The cost of each shot fired is $1,500.

The United Kingdom, which is the largest importer in the world of cattle and sheep for slaughtering purposes, is oddly enough the largest exporter of horses for the same purpose.

Railroad detectives at Chickasha, Kan., searching for lost tools taken by shop men, found that one employe had hauled away a locomotive cab and attached it to the house for use as a kitchen.

When Liang Tung Yen, the new Chinese minister, reaches Washington the tennis cabinet is likely to have an accession, unless "Ting," as the Yale students used to call him, has gone back as an athlete.

President Dabney, of Cincinnati University, is planning a commercial college in connection with the institution. He proposes to have the students work in banks and brokerage offices while pursuing the courses of study.

John W. Gates, who for a while has given up the pursuit of the bulls and bears in Wall Street to go boar hunting in France, regards no article in his wardrobe with more pride than he does his $10,000 fur overcoat.

Several houses in the financial district of New York City have their confidential orders attended to by women. They are in charge of the private telephones and they only, with the exception of the members of the firm, are familiar with the names of certain customers.

New York women are showing a strong inclination to revive the craze for Panama hats, and Fifth Avenue milliners are sending orders for big supplies of the fine weave. When Mrs. Roosevelt returned from the Isthmus last summer she brought a genuine Panama, and her first appearance in it was a signal to the do-likewise clan.

Borrowed Jingles.

POEMS BY THE COPY BOY.

On Assuming Long Pants.

hiho What noble thots await
short-pauted youth at Man's estate
The scales fall from his blinking eyes
and wisdom tew his Belfry hies.

ade ade Sweet boyhood gone
and Nee pance with the patches on
let joy resound and Bliss exult
The boy that was is a adult

stern Manhood calls him by his name
and bids him try for Welth and fame
and is he johnny on the job
with his long pance on Yes sir E bob

his trowsers fan the Offis floor
and His hito takes on an inch or more
And what additionaly knocks
exit long stockings Enter sox

bijo How changed is life's aspect
and how the pance command Respect
Hey Kids are scarcer than they wur
and a lady just now called me Sur

the Boss seems somewhat more inclined
to grant that leisure which the mind
Of youth requires for later gains
I'm reading frank upon the Plains

at furst his eye was coldly Thrown
Tew see if they were like his own
but Comfort swept away his frowns
on seeing they wur hand Me downs

odsbodykins How keen was I
tew be a slave in Time gone by
O youth in your short-panted teens
upon my soul yow don't know Beans

E gad your very pants invite
infringement of your sacred rite
They wurk you like a bonded slave
and send yew tew an Urly grave

but praises be Tew full-length pance
I'm out of that fell circumstance
I'll lay around Just like a man
and wurk some other peter Pan

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

MERELY JOKING.

A House Divided.

Knicker: "So they separated for incompatibility?"

Bocker: "Yes, he talked baseball and she talked bridge."—New York Sun.

Corrected.

"That horrid Miss Jones said that you weren't a day under thirty-two."

"The cat! I hope you told her a few things."

"I did. I assured her that you weren't as old as you looked by ten years."—Cleveland Leader.

She Did, Too.

"I presume your children ask you a great many embarrassing questions?"

"Yes; it is wonderful how like their mother those youngsters are."—Houston Post.

The Explanation.

Benedict: "Why is the bride crying—because she leaves her parents?"

Bachelor: "Oh! I guess not. She likes the bridegroom, and I guess she feels sorry for him."—Utica Observer.

A Faux Pas.

"Sometimes, darling, I almost feel as if I were unworthy of you."

"George! How dare you look me in the face and say you only feel that way sometimes?"—Chicago Record.

Both of Them

Teacher: "Have you any position in view for me?"

Agent: "I know one man who wants a tutor for his empty-headed son."

Teacher: "Well, I think I could fill the vacancy."—Harper's Weekly.

POINTS FROM PARAGRAPHERS.

RHODE ISLAND is little and it takes its time to elect a United States Senator, but it was the only State of the forty-five to have its building at Jamestown fully completed and furnished when the exposition opened.—Kentucky Journal.

* * *

J. Edward Addicks says: "The gap between heaven and hell is not so deep as the gap between newspapers and the truth." How about the gap between the gas-house and the United States Senate?—Brooklyn Eagle.

* * *

Tonopah is to celebrate Decoration Day with a big prize fight. The rest of the country will celebrate by playing baseball, golf and tennis and zoping around in automobiles. Tonopah is a little more crude. That is all.—Chicago Record-Herald.

* * *

There are so many asphalt scandals throughout the country that one feels that the man who wrote "You can't touch pitch without becoming defiled" was a sure enough prophet.—New York Herald.

* * *

Possibly all legislation would be impossible without logrolling, but it would puzzle any casuist to tell the difference between a member of the Legislature voting for a bill for money and voting for it to get some other member to vote for some other bill.—Chicago Chronicle.

* * *

The poet Longfellow's eminent reputation for veracity helps even in these days his assurance that "Behind the clouds is the sun still shining."—Kansas City Star.

* * *

Mr. J. Sloat Fassett cannot see any way for the President to escape being nominated next year." If he does see it he shouldn't tell the President.—Atlanta Journal.

COMMENT OF VIRGINIA EDITORS.

Campaign for Good Roads.

We hope anyhow to see Rockbridge represented in both branches by men thoroughly committed to getting some of the surplus in the treasury applied to State aid to roads. Candidates are already in the field for these offices. There will be others. The County News would like to know, and we are satisfied many of its readers would like to know, how they stand on this foremost question.—Rockbridge News.

Tazewell Grammar.

If you mean Tazewell mud it's plural and some over.—Clinch Valley News.

The Rate Decision.

To the mind of a layman, like ourselves, however, there may be some doubt as to the power and the right of the Corporation Commission to fix one rate for the big fellows, another rate for the medium-sized, and still another rate for the little fellows.—Hampton Monitor.

But There's Method in It.

If the Landmark does not stop its foolishness it will be forced to establish an asylum for insane editors. The Times-Dispatch is on the verge of lunacy now, while the Charlotte Observer has gone clean daft. It may be fun for the boys, but it is terrible on the frogs.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

The Library's Reputation.

It is very evident that the American Library Association takes the whitewashing view as regards the Virginia State Library investigation, since at its meeting, soon to be held at Asheville, N. C., it appears our Library will not be represented. How is this for a reflection upon the State? Those who are responsible for this condition of affairs might be able to answer this question, and in justice to the public, should do so, if they can.—Blackstone Courier.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

TO-DAY.

Tercentenary celebration at Jamestown Island.

Five o'clock tea at Woman's Club.

Stay-at-Home Whist Club with Mr. John Tyler at No. 516 West Franklin Street.

Linen shower given by Miss Grace Greenwood in honor of Miss Gertrude Clarke.

Sorority Banquet.

The Phi Zeta Gamma Sorority of the Woman's College gave a beautiful banquet at the Jefferson Hotel Friday evening at 8 o'clock.

The decorations were tasteful and elaborate. A centrepiece of marguerites and smilax was used, while at each end of the table the Greek letters of the sorority name were outlined in daisies. Dainty hand-painted place cards were representations of the sorority pin, the colors being black and gold.

Miss Marion Forbes, Miss Taylor and Mrs. M. A. Martin, of the faculty, were guests of honor, and young ladies present were Miss Nancy McLaurin, Miss Uldine Valden, Miss May Marrs, Miss Virginia Henderson, Miss Elizabeth Harris, Miss Ethel Daniel, Miss Lillian Harrison, Miss Helen Laylander, Miss Mary Kirk, Miss Eleanor Mullins, and Miss Aura Phillips.

A delicious and beautifully served menu and pleasant companionship combined to make the occasion most enjoyable.

Alumnae Tea.

The Alumnae Association of the Woman's College will give their annual tea to the graduating class at the Jefferson Hotel on Monday afternoon, May 27th.

Mrs. Sallie Harris is chairman of the committee on arrangements, and Miss Mary Carter Anderson will be toastmistress.

The class of 1907 will be guests of honor, and their table will be decorated with Liberty roses, the class flower. Other decorations will be in sweetpeas.

Mrs. Frank Dashiell Epps, president of the association, will address the graduates of 1907, giving them a formal welcome into the ranks of the alumnae. About 100 guests will be present.

All alumnae who expect to attend are requested to communicate at once with Mrs. William P. Mathews, at No. 605 East Grace Street.

Linen Shower for Bride.

Miss Grace Greenwood will be hostess at a linen shower this afternoon from 5 to 7 o'clock in honor of Miss Gertrude Clarke, whose marriage to Dr. Thomas Whitehead Murrell takes place to-morrow.

Pretty decorations will be in pink throughout, and the dainty articles of linen will fall from an umbrella suspended between the parlors.

Miss Greenwood will be assisted in receiving by the bride-to-be. Mrs. Bates and Miss Deane Cocke, of Hollins Institute, will serve punch, and other young ladies who will help to entertain will be Misses Virginia and Emma Clark, Madge Montgomery and Ruby Chewning.

Committee Meeting.

The reunion entertainment committee met in Lee Camp Hall Saturday at 11 A. M. A good deal of routine business, in connection with the appointment of committees for the various receptions to be given the delegates, was discussed.

Mrs. Robert S. Christian will have charge of the reception to be given Wednesday evening, May 29th, in Lee Camp Hall by Richmond Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy. She will appoint her own assistants, and Mrs. Stephen Beveridge will have charge of the decorations.

Mrs. L. M. Hart will be in charge of the reception to be tendered all reunion visitors at the Confederate Museum on Friday afternoon, May 31st, from 5 to 7 o'clock. The house committee of the museum will see that the rooms are properly decorated.

Miss Betty Ellyson is in charge of the luncheons to be served each day at the Second Baptist Church for the Confederated Southern Memorial Associations. Mrs. J. W. White will serve luncheon at the Lee Camp Soldiers' Home.

It is requested that the various memorial associations of Richmond each send to Mrs. Alfred Gray, No. 1008 Park Avenue, the names of six young ladies who are to serve at the museum.

Chapter Contributes.

The William Watts Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, of Roanoke, has announced a contribution of fifteen dollars toward buying a Virginia flag for the Daughters' Building at the Jamestown Exposition. The Richmond chapter will probably contribute also.

* * *

Personal Mention.

Mrs. John B. Scarborough, of Waco, Texas, and Mrs. Frances Anderson, of Navasota, Texas, are guests of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. George W. McDaniel, at Highland Park.

* * *

Miss Louise Clarke, of Hollins Institute, and Miss Leslie Jeffries, of Norfolk, have arrived to attend the Murrell-Clarke wedding to-morrow.

* * *

Mrs. L. C. Minor, of Washington, D. C., is at No. 711 East Franklin Street.

* * *

Mr. C. I. Glenn, of South Pine Street, and Mr. J. F. Gentry, of Rio, have been on a recent visit to Mr. Marshall Gregory in Buckingham county.

* * *

Miss Maggie Dews will leave shortly for Isle of Wight county, where she will be the guest of her brother.

* * *

Mrs. E. B. McNamara and daughter will leave in a few days for the mountains of Virginia, where they will spend some time.

* * *

Miss Mary Wyman, of Scottsville, who has been spending some time in Norfolk, is now visiting friends here.

* * *

Miss Hattie R. Hammersley has returned to her home in Alexandria, Va., after a visit to Richmond and the Jamestown Exposition.

* * *

Miss Emma Jones is visiting friends in Williamsburg.

* * *

Mr. John Dempsey and Master Harris Dempsey have returned to Millboro, Va., after a visit to Mrs. James Donahoe in this city.

* * *

Miss Bessie Wright, of Tappahannock, Va., is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Nannie Croxton, on Barton Heights.

* * *

Mrs. A. F. Robertson, of Staunton, is the guest of relatives here.

* * *

Mrs. W. A. Hall has returned to her home in Wytheville, Va., after a visit to Richmond and other points in Eastern Virginia.

* * *

Miss Mary Osborne Templeton, of Waynesboro, Va., is expected to arrive to-day to visit friends. Later she will go to Savannah, Ga., to officiate as bridesmaid at the Meartice-Reed wedding on June 5th.

* * *

Miss Mamie Randall is visiting Mrs. Clay Griffith in Amelia county.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson have returned after spending some time at the Mecklenburg, Chase City, Va.

* * *

Mrs. Carter Harrison and Miss Maria Pendleton DuVal, of Staunton, arrived in Richmond Friday and accompanied the Colonial Dames to Jamestown on Saturday.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Daingerfield, of Tappahannock, Va., visited Richmond recently.

* * *

Mrs. B. F. Toulson and son, of Urbanna, are spending some time in this city.

* * *

Bishop R. A. Gibson has returned from a brief visit to Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Robertson in Staunton.

* * *

Miss Mollie Billingsley, of Prince George county, will arrive this week to visit friends. She will also go to Jamestown Exposition.

* * *

Miss Fannie Lancaster has returned to Ashland after a visit to Richmond.

* * *

Mrs. Flake and little son, of this city, are visiting Mrs. A. W. Lohannon, at Surry, Va.

* * *

Mrs. P. R. Phillips is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Rogers, at Waldheim-on-the-James, near Claremont, Va.

* * *

Mr. Hopkins Ralston, who has just completed his course at Union Theological Seminary, has left for Augusta county, where he will be examined for the ministry.

* * *

Miss Helen Herrink, who has been studying at the Richmond Art School, has returned to her home, in Halifax county.

* * *

Miss Jennie May Boyce has been spending several days in Abingdon, Va., en route from North Carolina to her home in this city.

* * *

Miss Alma B. Stone, of Claremont, Va., is the guest of friends here.

* * *

Miss Ella Coles has returned to her home, in Newport News, after a visit to friends here.

* * *

Miss Lucy Woods will shortly return to her former home, in Amelia county, after spending some time in Richmond.

* * *

Mrs. F. O. Wells spent last week with her son, the Rev. F. L. Wells, in Culpeper, Va.

* * *

The Hon. T. L. Massie and son, Cabell, of Pulaski, Va., spent last week in Richmond.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Dillard, of Croxton, Va., are in the city. Mr. Dillard is undergoing treatment at Memorial Hospital.

* * *

Mr. Thomas Burruss and Mrs. W. H. Burruss, of Fredericksburg, are visiting friends here.

* * *

Miss Celestine Martin, who has been spending several months in Richmond, has returned to her home, "Fairview," at Scottsville, Va.

* * *

Mrs. Charles M. Moses, who has been spending a month with her parents here, has returned to her home, in Newport News.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ligor are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Pointer, at Kithawaun, Charles City county.

Poems You Ought to Know

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Eliot Norton.

No. 1160.

The Joys of the Road

By BLISS CARMAN.

Other selections from this author, his portrait, autograph and biographical sketch, have already been printed in this series.

Now the joys of the road are chiefly these:
A crimson touch on the hard-wood trees;

A vagrant's morning wide and blue,
In early fall, when the wind walks, too;

A shadowy highway cool and brown,
Alluring up and enticing down

From rippled water to dappled swamp,
From purple glory to scarlet pomp;

The outward eye, the quiet will,
And the striding heart from hill to hill;

The tempter apple over the fence;
The cobweb bloom on the yellow quince;

The palish asters along the wood,—
A lyric touch of the solitude;

An open hand, an easy shoe,
And a hope to make the day go through—

Another to sleep with, and a third
To wake me up at the voice of a bird,

The resonant far-listening morn,
And the hoarse whisper of the corn;

The crickets mourning their comrades lost,
In the night's retreat from the gathering frost;

(Or is it their slogan, plaintive and shrill,
As they beat on their corselets, valiant still?)

A hunger fit for the kings of the sea,
And a loaf of bread for Dickon and me;

A thirst like that of the Thirsty Sword,
And a jug of cider on the board;

An idle noon, a bubbling spring,
The sea in the pine-tops murmuring;

A scrap of gossip at the ferry;
A comrade neither glum nor merry,

Asking nothing, revealing naught,
But minting his words from a fund of thought,

A keeper of silence eloquent,
Needy, yet royally well content,

Of the mettled breed, yet abhorring strife,
And full of the mellow juice of life,

A taster of wine, with an eye for a maid,
Never too bold, and never afraid,

Never heart-whole, never heart-sick,
(These are the things I worship in Dick).

No fidget and no reformer, just
A calm observer of ought and must,

A lover of books, but a reader of man,
No cynic and no charlatan,

Who never defers and never demands,
But, smiling, takes the world in his hands,—

Seeing it good as when God first saw
And gave it the weight of His will for law.

And oh! the joy that is never won,
But follows and follows the journeying sun,

By marsh and tide, by meadow and stream,
A will-o'-the-wind, a light-o'-dream,

Delusion afar, delight anear,
From morrow to morrow, from year to year.

A jack-o'-lantern, a fairy fire,
A dare, a bliss, and a desire!

The racy smell of the forest loam,
When the stealthy, sad-heart leaves go home;

(O leaves, O leaves, I am one with you,
Of the mould and the sun and the wind and the dew!)

The broad gold wake of the afternoon;
The silent fleck of the cold new moon;

The sound of the hollow sea's release
From stormy tumult to starry peace;

With only another league to wend;
And two brown arms at the journey's end!

These are the joys of the open road—
For him who travels without a load.

This series began in The Times-Dispatch Oct. 11, 1903. One is published each day.